LILITH

Cool in the hot night,
Draped, hidden in speckled shadow
Under moon waiting
Waiting in the Tree,
The earth-serpent. Patient, coiled.

Sweat on moon-paled flesh;
She walks, sleepless, wanting -- what?
Something the man-one
Asleep in the heat,
Will not give. Serpent uncoils.

Cool fruit hangs, luring.
She thirsts, but is uncertain;
Which one was denied?
She sits at Tree's foot,
Legs spread, trying to ease heat.

A cool smoothness touches!
Languid, she lets it touch her.
Smooth over bare breasts
Cool on her belly;
She cries out at the next touch.

Long coils entwine legs,
Rippling muscles press, release,
Double tongue flickers;
She writhes, strains vainly.
White fire blooms between her thighs.

Side to side her head
Thrashes, hoarse cries from her throat.
Hard muscle presses,
Soft scales slip gently;
She screams; her body stiffens.

At once, touch is gone.
Serpent climbs spiralling up.
She tips her head back,
Her parched throat stretches;
A whisper hisses: "Take; eat."

Sweet cool juice trickles,
Stings dry throat, tingles on tongue.
She bites more, greedy.
Knows what she wants, now.
She will show the Man the way.

Man is still sleeping,
Lethargic, unresponsive.
Turns over, snoring.
She leaves in anger.

Stupid Man! She needs him not.

Soon again she wants;
Moves hands to ease discomfort --
She learns something new:
Her hands work as well.
Stupid Man! She needs him not!

Branches brush her breasts,
Rough bark rubs and holds her up.
Grainy between thighs,
Earth meets all her needs.
Foiled, the Serpent waits again.

2/85 (copyright 1985, Leigh Ann Hussey)